## "HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

"LAFITTE, OF LOUISIANA."

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion"—"Held for bests for study, however far the subject Orders"-"A Fool's Errand"-Sketch of Miss Mary Devereux.

## SOMETHING ABOUT PRIVATE CHARITIES

Lafitte of Louisiana is just such a Lafitte of Louisiana is just such a readable book as one had a right to expect from the author of "From Kingdom to Colony." That charming story of the quaint old town of Marblehead in the surly days of the Revolution, with its wilful Mistress Dorothy Devereux, was the first thorough example of the engag-

the first thorough example of the engaging style commanded by this writer, and which is seen at its best in "Lafitte."

The author has pictured the times in which Lafitte lived in a vivid manner; and her characters, particularly those of Lafitte and Napolean Bonaparte, are drawn with a skilled hand. Lafitte bore a prominent part in the history of Louisiana; and from the facts and legends which have come down to us, Miss Devereux has constructed an absorbing story, which begins with Lafitte's first meeting which begins with Lafitte's first meeting lwith Napoleon, and closes with the battle of New Orleans, after which the hero ue of New Orleans, after which the hero so mysteriously disappeared. Upon those distant coasts where the breezes from the Cluf sway lazly the long pendants of Span'sh moss festooning the gnarled limbs of ancient oaks, the name of Jean Latte lives to-day in an atmosphere of romance as virile and fascinating as that which surrounds the exploits of Columbus, Cortez or Ponce de Leon. We well represent a contract of the contra remember enjoying a huge bowl of bread and milk under Madame Tranchefain's umbrella trees just across the bayou from the Spanish Fort and listening with from the Spanish Fort and listening with wondering interest to her enegetic and believing account of a meeting on the landing-stage before us between the great pirate chieftain and General Andrew Jackson. Of course, it was all as legendary as the story of the alligator crawling up the stairs and devouring the crawling up the stairs and devouring the Spanish beauty at her siesta, or of the cavalier who lost a duel apropos of that me Castillan houri; but it whiled away

a lotus-eating hour or so. Fustory says that in 1809 Jean and Pierre Lafitte came over to New Orleans at a time when, owing to the disturbed condi-tions resulting from protracted warfare alread, that city and the territory of Louisiana were receiving immigrants from almost every portion of the civilized world. The authentic history of Jean Lalite ends a brief six years later, shortly after the battle of New Orleans, a Actory said to have been rendered pos-nible only by his loyalty and intelligence, supplemented by the skill and bravery of the Baratarians (English from Barra tie Hierro, by the way), whose leader he was Many are the legends concerning the origin, achievements, and end of this remarkable man; and these still find num-beriess believers in that section of Louisi-an. lying between the Calcasien and Mermentan Rivers, as well as generally mlong the Gulf.

They say that Laflette was a man of superior birth and breeding, of a family of the minor French nobility ruined by the peasant uprisings. One of the most accepted stories relates to a girange tie between the "Pirates of the Gulf" and Napoleon Bonaparte, the legend relating that it was Lafitte who, after the battle of New Orleans—when he disappeared from Louislana—brought the European from Form Figure 1 when he disappeared from Louisiana— brought the Emperor from Elba to France, and that after the hundred days it was he who arranged to bring Na-poleon to America. It is claimed that, when the latter's flight was intercepted and he entered upon his compulsory yoyage to St. Helena, Lafitte carried to this country a large amount of the Emperor's treasure and buried it somewhere along the Calcasien River, after which, hoping for a favorable oppor-tunity to release Napoleon, he sailed to the fleet which bore the Emperor It is out of material like this, assisted

by a wonderful heroine, the Creole sughter of the Count de Cazeneau, that Miss Devereux has weven her remarkable romance. The only regrettable thing about the story is that it renorates and restores the character of Laflette so thoroughly that it is impossible to recognize in him the redoubt-ble "Pirate of the Gulf." It seems there were no really devilled pirates and so en in the old days. Captain Kidd has whitewashed, so has Harry Mor-the buccaneer, and Stede Bonnet, was yard-armed by Mr. Rhett, of Charleston: they'll be sacrificing Black-beard next. Whitewashing is a regu-lar literary industry now. An author requires some strenuous passion for an istorical reprobate and brings Hereulean art to bear upon cleaning house for him. From conquering King Alexander fown this thing has been done. Have we not seen within a decade the black-ned names of devastating Napoleon and butchering Cromwell and mischevious butchering Cromwell and mischevious Burr whitened and burnished until their Burr whitened and burnished units plendor is something dazzling? It is discouraging to virtue to witness these

Meld for Orders. By Frank H. Spearman McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, Bell Book and Stationery Co., Rich-

mona.
"Held For Orders" is a collection of allroad stories. It depicts the west of he railroad man, the west that is bound-d by the shinng rails. Through these tories the careiess traveler may come o understand in a degree the terrible

born and brought up in Wisconsin. The boy's inclination bent him in the direc-tion of the railroad, and much of the nowledge he uses in his stories was bloked up while riding on the Northwestirn in his native State. This was supplemented later, but on the plains, by intinate sequaintance with the Burlington seople and their line. Mr. Spearman's seople and their line. Mr. Spearman's first literary work went into Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine—descriptive and critical articles. Fiction he attempted only a few years ago, his stories ppearing for the most part in McCaure's flagazine. "The Nerve of Foley" is the fite of Mr. Spearman's first book.

A Fool's Errand. By one of the roots.

A Fool's Errand. By one of the Pools.
Anonymous. Fords. Howard & Hulbert, New York. \$1.50.

Since public attention has been called if late to the romantic elements in imerican history—in the Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil War periods—it is real to recall the notable contributions if that sort already available. A famous ovel of the Reconstruction Era in the outh is "A Fool's Errand, by One of the Pools," from the pen of a Northern man ho lived for seventeen years in the index of the tremendously exciting events anicted, taking large share in them. spicted, taking large share in them. This book had an extraordinary vogue in the eighties, and justly, while it has sever ceased to hold a certain popular iterest. Prof. Harry Thurston Peck has

"BILLY BONES' FANCY." Lafitte, of Louisiana. By Mary Devereaux.

Bustrated by H. E. Edwards. Lattie,
Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.

Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. recently said that it is "one of the most dramatic American novels ever written." It came out anonymously, and the press generally exhausted conjecture in trying to fix its authorship. It is beyond question a book of intense interest and dramatic power, unrelenting in its grip on the absorption of the reader.

The present generation of novel readers, many of whom have never seen the book and know of it but vaguely, will miss an unusual sensation—as well as a most illuminating view of the "sea of troubles" of the era so graphically painted—if they neglect this famous piece of veracious fiction.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion-By Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn. The Macmillan Company, New York. Dr. Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Ox-

ford, may fairly be said to be the lead-ing the closian in England outside the established Church. To his previous works, "The Place of Christ in Modern works, "The Flace of Christ in the Life of Christ," "The Light of God," and "Religion in History and Modern Life," he has now added "The Philosophy of Christian Religion," which is a masterpiece

or Jesuseas he appears in the Sypnoptic the Class-roo Gospels; The Creation of the Christian Religion by the Interpretation of the Person of Christ; the Religion of Christ and the Ideal of Religion.

Dr. Fairbairn says in his work that no religion can be known in its Sacred Books alone, or simply through its speculative thinkers and religious reformers; and of all religions the one that these of the first in the class-roo class of the class of the class-roo class of the class-r

and of all religious the one that these can least interpret is the encyclopaedic aggregation of cults and customs we know as Hindoolsm. Hence Dr. Fairbairn realizes the force of custom and usage, of social convention and religious observance, the didactic and coercive power of a worship which can command obedience where its value is doubted, or

may be pursued. But within the limits of this formal scheme, the fact has been held constantly in mind that literature, being the vital and fluid thing it is, must be taught, if at all, more by suggestion, and by stimulation of the students' own instinctive mental life, than by dogmatic assertion. More than in any other branch of study, literature demands on the part of the teacher an attitude of respect toward the intelligence of the student; and if at any point the authors of this book may seem to have taken too much alertness for granted, their defense must be that only by challenge and invitation can any permanent result in the way of intellectual growth be accomplished. The historian of English literature deals with the most fascinating of stories, the ed race: he is in duty bound not to cheapen or to dull his theme, but, so far as in him lies, to give those whom he addresses a realizing sense of the magni-tude of our common heritage in letters. To do this he must work in the literary spirit, and with fredom of appeal, to all the latest capabilities of his readers' mind.

This is the right modern idea of imparting instruction upon what may be called "standard" topics, and it is well carried out. The proportions of the book indicate the care with which it was constructed. A full half of the space has been given to the last two centuries, and more to the nineteenth century

than to the eighteenth.

These and other apportionments of space have been made, with the evident is whether or not he countenances the learned gentleman's thinking.

The present book is divided into two main divisions (1) the Questions in the Philosophy of Nature and Mind which Affect Bellef in the Supernatural Person; (2) the Person of Christ and the Making of the Christian Religion. This latter section is again divided into three, on The Founder as an historical person, or Jesus, as he appears in the Sypnoptic Gospels; The Creation of the Christian later study.

than to the eighteenth.

These and other apportionments of space have been made, with the evident design of throwing into prominence what is most important for a student to learn upon his first approach to the subject. The chief figures in each era have been set in relief, and the minor figures have been grouped around them in a manner strongly suggestive of their relative sugnificance. A full working biblography, and criticism, has been added, which must all be of assistance not only in the current work of the class-room, but also as a guide for later study.

Billy Bones' Fancy." Speaking of pirates reminds us—that is, me, J. M.—of a gem in pirate chantes which you ought to have in your scrapbook. It is a rara avis, called "Billy Book. It is a rara avis, called billy Bones' Fancy." Stevenson makes use of the first stanza of it in "Treasure Island." so he must have known it all; but nowhere that I know has it been printed in full, although fragments of it occur have and there in hears and decuments. here and there in books and documents relating to West Indian piracy. Years ago I ran down a lot of these fragments



Author of "Lafitte of

Mary Devereux is the eldest daughter of General J. H. Devereux. She was born in Marbichead, Mass., where her father's people have lived since 1636. When an infant she was taken to Tennessee, in which State her family lived until the breaking out of the Civil War, during which her father was superintendent of the military railroads, stationed at Alexandria, Va. Her life has been decidedly andria, Va. Her life has been decidedly andria, Va. Her life has been decidedly cosmopolitan, having been passed in cosmopolitan, having been passed in mance. the military railroads, stationed at Alex-andria, Va. Her life has been decidedly cosmopolitan, having been passed in Cleveland, Ohio; New York city, Chicago,

even where it is denied and despised. He sees in Hindoolsm, a religion which had an innumerable multitude of delties and an indescribable variety of worships, which had grown out of a simple and primitive naturalism that had no knowlhad hosts of reformers who had yet dded to the mythologies and cults the naded to the mythologies and curts they had set out to purge and reform, and which still amid so many changes was conceived and described as one religion, and as continuous with that of the an-

A History of English Literature. By will liam Vaughn Moody and Robert Morse Lovett, of the University of Chicago Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net.

it seems exceedingly present the set for any one to attempt to write an-ther history of English literature in he face of the library of volumes al-acidy on the market relating to this abject, but a second consideration of d by the shinng rails. Through the discrete the careless traveler may come to understand in a degree the terrible asponsibility resting on those who enture him a safe conduct from coast to bast. In the racy vernacular of their bast and country the roadmaster, the apparant, the wiper, the trainmaster, the supatcher and others tell of blood-quicking experiences that illustrate the term competency of character rising to the hour's emergency. The utmost need if men to be men is made apparent here where nerve, coolness, good independ to overcome obstacles that the clock-like condition of Eartern roads know hothing it, where rude virtues stand for themselves, and where comradeship is a mater of every day, as well as of the grim risks.

Frank H. Spearman, the author, was born and brought up in Wisconsin. The Eighteenth Century; The Reison of Canuser; The Nineteenth Century; The Nineteenth subject, but a second consideration of this work shows that plenty of room can be found for such a comprehensive naissance; Non-Dramatic Literature to the Death of Spencer; The Renaissance; Shakespeare: The Seventeenth Century; cessors in the Drama; The Seventeent Century; The Restoration: The Eigh teenth Century; The Reign of Classic ism; The Eighteenth Century; Th Novel; The Eighteenth Century; Th Revival of Romanticism; The Nintsentl Century; The Triumph of Romanticism The Nineteenth Century; The Victorian

Era: The Nineteenth Century: The Novel.
Several dangers le befo e the writer
of an elementary history of literature.
He may conceive his task too ambitious. his matter artificially, and in so doing may fall to give the student any safe sub-structure upon which to build later study. Again in striving to be scientific, he may Again, in striving to be scientific, he may be only dry; or in a wholesome desire to be entertaining, he may be only gossipy and nebulous. The authors of the present volume seem to have endoavored successfully to avoid or overcome these different to have a worst. excellent text and reference book as well as a guide to supplementary reading, re-

plete with illuminating suggestions. "An attempt has here been made,"
write the authors. "to present the history of English literature from the earliest times to our own day, in a historical

MS. copy handly:
BILLY BONES' FANCY.
(To the tune of "Blow the Man Down.")

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest; Yo-'ea' (heave)-ho an a bottle o' rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

They drank and they drank and they got so drunk,
Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
Each from the dead man bit a chur
Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

They sucked his blood and they crunched

his bones; Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! When suddenly up came Davy Jones Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

Yo-'ca'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! The key to his locker beneath the sea. Yo-'ca'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

He winked and he blinked like an ow in a tree; Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! And grimmed with a horrible

giee; Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"My men," says he, 'you must come with

me," Yo-'ca'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! 'Must come wi' me to the depths of the

Yo 'ca'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! So he clapped them into his locker in

the sea, Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! And locked them in with his big black

key, Yo-'ea'-ho, and a bottle o' rum! tiome songs ended one way and some -And now, young men, take warning Never touch liquur, not one drop at all; or, Young men, take warning from this ere song. Drink no liquor so devilish strong. The boatswain, or whoever sings the lines, and the capstan crew, or rope-baulers, bawl out the rum chorus. It is one of the sweetest songs in the water sailor's reportoire. It originated in the wreck of an English buccaneer upon the cay called "The Dead Man's Chest," in the old days away back yonder.
About all there was left on the sand bar after the storm was a quantity of rum and fiften men. They had only rum with which to quench their thrist, and each other to subsist upon until a particularly violent storm came up and swept all but the lone survivor off into Davy Jones' locker.

"Song of the Baccaneers." The pirate Laro in "Lafitte" has sone which is desperate enough, but it is mere tinsel stagey desperation compared with dear old "Billy Bones Fancy." "Billy Bones" is none of your delib-

erate metrical contrivances, but a chanty evolved by over two hundred years of deep ses wanderings. "SONG OF THE BUCCANEERS."

As tides that flow and winds that blow, So is the life we rovers know. No priest nor king his laws can bring To set the course we choose to wing.

Across the sea, as wild and free

As lightning from the storm-cloud's

breast, We sweep before the tempest's roar, Or rock upon the waves at rest.

Between our lips the red wine slips When on our deck the red blood drips. Its ruby heart will quench the smart It pity for a forman start.

Like kings are we, who rule the sea, Our crowns and sceptres flashing steel. Rich stores of gold our coffers hold, No laws can make us quail or kneel.

As tides that flow and winds that blow. So is the life we rovers know. No priest nor king his laws can bring To set the course we choose to wing. That blow us far across the sea.
Blow high, blow low, away we go,

To live the life of rovers free. If you are particularly interested in pirate songs, hunt up the one beginning-

'A trader sailed from Stepney town-Crack it on, stack it on, try her with the mainsail."

### SHORT STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN FOLK

Just Hops.

Congressman Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of the Fifteenth New York District, was travelling recently through the upper part of New York State, when his attention was attracted by a grat quantity of vines growing beside the track. "What are those vines, conductor?"

asked the eminent brewer. "They seem common enough but I can't give 'em d "Them things there!" ungrammatical-

ly gasped the astonished conductor, "why them's hops-just hops."

Thanks God for Profanity.

Among the "old salts" in Congress is Senator Perkins, of California, who shipped before the mast in the days of his youth. He still has many vivid recollections of his life on the ocean wave, and delights to tell them to some of his cronies. Here is one that concerns a storm and a preacher:

The storm was a tremendous one, and it looked as if the vessel were doomed to go under. In the midst of the ex-citement a minister, who was one of the passengers, asked the captain if he could have prayers.
"Oh, never mind about the prayers,"

said the captain. "The men are swearing too hard to stop for prayers and as long as you hear them swearing," added the captain, "there is no danger," The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later, when the storm grew

write, the preacher went up on deck to see what the sallors were doing. Then he went back to his wife.
"Thank God," he said, fervently.
"These men are still swearing." Extenuating Circumstances.

At the meeting of the American Dra matic Club, Dean Hart, who wrote "You know I am a hayseed, and live with my father, an Irishman, seventy

with my father, an Irishman, seventy years of age, on a farm on the outskirts of Wilkesbarre. One day, not long ago.

of Wilkesparre. One day, not long aso, the old man said to me:

"Dan, me bye, you're doin' nuthin', st pose ye come out an' give me a hand puttin' up that fence.

"Father,' said I, 'I don't know anything about building fences."

"Well, I gues you can't spoll it much, so cyme along."

so come along."
"I nailed on boards indifferently well. "I nailed on boards indirectly well.
On the hillside, just above us, was a
Hingarian miner practicing with a revolver, apparently rehearsing for the
next strike. Directly a bullet came
cracking through the fence just beside

me. "'Good Lord, father, that fellow is shooting at me, I shouted.
"'Never moind, Dan,' said he, 'perhaps he's seen one of yer plays.'"

## When Labouchere Went to Boston

When Henri Labouchere, the Radical member of Parliament from Northamp-ton, was an attache of the British Legation at Washington, he was sent to Bostriots." He registered at a small hotel in a poor quarter of the city under the name of Smith, as it was essential that his identity should not be disclosed. few days after he got there the hotel was seized for debt and the proprietor called upon the guests to settle up their accounts and remove their baggage. Labouchere was so short of money that he ould not pay his bill in full; consequentby he had to lave his trunk as a piedge of ultimate solvency, while he sent post haste to Washington for a remittance. While awaiting its arrival his funds ran lower and lower, and on one occasion while eating in a cheap restarant, he discovered that he hadn't money enough to meet his check. While considering his dilemma he noticed that the waiters all of whom were Iirish, watched him with great interest. Finally, one of them approached him with an astonishing show of reverence. Excuse me, sir, whisperd the waiter,

as he bent over Labochere, "but arent you Maegher, the patriot?"

The question was just the cue that Labouchere needed.
"S-s-sh!" he whispered, placing a finger

on his lips, and the waiter retreated to inform the other employes of the establishment that one who has suffered s much for the cause their original sur-mise was correct, for Labouchere did look a great deal like the noted exile. When the meal was finished the diner walked to the cashier and throwing down his check, made a pretense of reaching

for his wallet. The cashier stopped him.
"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," she said: 'we are honored to have a man like May I shake hands with you eat here. May I shake has brother patriot, of Ireland?"

Gravely Mr. /Labouchere shook and he stalked out of the restaurant, followed by the admiring glances of the entire staff.

## KING WILLIAM MONUMENT

Meeting at the Courthouse Tuesday. New Pension Board.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) WEST POINT, VA., July 12 .- Old fish ermen say they never saw fish so scarce this season of the year. The catch the past few days has been more satisfactory, and fishermen predict a good run in a week or two. The winds have made the boating ex-

Following is the new Pension Board for King William county: Dr. W. C. Nunn, Mr. John Hill, and Mr. J. G.

The King William County Confederate Monument Association had a big day at King William Courthouse Tuesday. I as decided to incorporate the associa-

tion and to issue stock.

Committees on selecting a monument and on incorporation were appointed. and on incorporation were appointed.

An excellent dinner was served. All old soldiers, regardless of creed or locality, were invited to partake of the delicious vianda.

# Verse of Various Sort. Sentimental

Lullaby. Hushed is the house now, and silent the drum;

Still is the tin bugle's ringing; Stealthily, softly the Sand Man has come; Slienced the wild thrush's singing; But sweeter than song of the sweetest-voiced bird

The soft good-night song of mother is

Lullaby, laddie! Lullaby, dear! Sleep, little sweetheart, for mother is

The birdes all sleep in their nests up on The stars and the moon are on guard in the sky; Lullaby, laddie dear!

Hush! Lullaby! The maimed woolen dog lies at rest on the floor Where the Noah's ark travelers are

scattered: The train is derailed and wrecked there by the door.
Its gay-painted coaches all battered;

And silence o'er all, for the world is at rest: Just the low mother voice to the child on

her breast; Lullaby, laddie! Hush, little dear! weary playmate, for mother is

The birdies, too, rest in their cradles on high: The stars and the moon keep their watch

in the sky; Lullaby, laddle dear! Hush! lullaby!
-J. W. W. in New York Sun.

A Greeting. Beside his horse and heavy load With clouded brow the carter strode, His thoughts all gray and out of tune, Upon a brilliant day in June.

And as he swung along in pain, There came toward him down the lane A lady, who, with kindly grace, Nodded and smiled into his face.

He did not even turn to see Dhat shade those friendly eyes might be. He merely felt that on his way Something had beautified the day.

Made life more possible to bear. He cracked his whip and hummed a tune, The echo of that brilliant June.

—Eleanor Esher in Westminster Gazette. Trovato.

That there was one who seemed to care

It is but the idle fancy of a passing necromancy, That together leaf and blossom by the Indus once we grew,
And that Haiiz came, or Omar, to im-

prison the aroma
In some half-remembered measure that
has rhythmel me to you?

Is it false or is it real that in ages more ideal I was song and you were Sapho, you

the sunbeam, I the dew? For I long have felt the burden of a passion vague and virgin,
Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life we knew.

Was I stream when you were willow?
Was I shell when you were billow?
For your voice has ever echoed through the bushes of my heart.
And it seems as I behold you that the
very air foretold you
By the fragrance that the budding

boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you, and the fate which long denied you Yields in recompense a dearer incarnanation than my dream.
What I sought to what you are, love, is as twilight to the star, love.
As the languor is to summer, as the

murmur to the stream. And since age on age has perished but to bring the soul I cherished, Wherein thought and feeling blended,

as petal and perfume.
us linger here forever, where the
pride of all endeavor Is a fervor which to passion is as glamor unto gloom.

Yet if fate reserves its malice but to bring the lifted chalice, Let me mingle with the elements where

once I was a part.
Then on some supernal morning which your beauty is adorning, Like a dewdrop in a lily may I nestle

An Enchanted Island A wonderful stream is the river of Time

As it runs through the realms of tears, With a faultless rythm and a musical And a broader sween and a surge sub-

lime, And blends with the ocean of years, There's a musical isle up the rive Where the softest of airs are playing: There's a cloudless sky and a tropical

clime. And a song as sweet as a vesper chime And the tunes with the roses are

The name of this isle is the "Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there; There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved

them so, There are trinkets and tresses of hair There are fragments of songs that nobody sings. And a part of an infant's prayer:

There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken yows and pieces of

rings
And the garments they used to wear. There are hands that are waved when

the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear them through
turbulent roar, Sweet voices we heard in the days gone

before. When the wind down the river is fair Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle.
All the day of life till night;

And when evening comes with its beau-tiful smile.

And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile, May that "Greenwood" of soul be in

The Rose and the Nightingale. The Rose's heart is heavy with desire, And all her little leaves are tipped with flame; But she is shy and full of tender shame, And red with blushes for the rapturous

fire Her fond dreams of the Nightingale inspire; For all the garden knows her secret aim, By the perfume in which she breathes his name And the bride-beauty of her soft attire.

Oh, when you find her, Nightingale, I know. Some time between the twilight and the morn, Your joy will make the listening lilies glow: And you who in the dusk were so for-

I am quiet sure he thinks that I am God-Since He is God on whom each one de-

lorn.
In ecstacy of love will tremble so
You will fall fainting on the cruel thorn.
—Elsa Barker in Harper's Magazine of
July. Bishop Doane and His Dog.

pends

For life, and all things that his bounty sends—

My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I To Him whom God I know and own; his Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;

nod; He is more patient underneath the rod Than I, when God his wise corrections sends. He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal

And when some crashing noise wakes all And when some the his fear, his fear, He is content and quiet if I'm near, Secure that my protection will prevait. So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he Tells me what I unto my God should be.—William Croswell Doane.

Strenuous Logic.

Yas, Bill's got back from Congress, an' you wouldn't know 'im; well, He wears a spreadin' Panama an' clothes thet's cut jes' swell.
The reason thet he's hardly known by cheerin' pop-u-lace
Is thet his arm is in a sling-court plaster

Is thet his arm is in a sing-court placer
on his face!
We thought, but didn't mention, 'twas resuit o' jamboree.
But as we went t' sympathize, then very
quickly he
Says, "Boys, them scars are glorious—
they represent the weight
Of rough an' tumble argyment in Senate's
flerce debate!"

An' then we asked him as he poked some fat cigars at us,
An' mentioned they were presents frum
the thoughtful sugar trus':

an mentioned they were presents frum
the thoughtful sugar trus':
"We've heard you speak at pienies fine,
but would you kin'ly state
How did ye squash them oraytors when ye
were in debate?"
An' as he set 'em up ag'in he threw hrs
shoulders back
An' says: "When argyments get hot I
fetch the jay a crack,
An' foller with an uuper-cut, a jab an'
strangle hol',
An' other tellin' arguments I quickly do
unfold!"

O' course we didn't understand-the only

O' course we didn't understand—the only print we meet
Is some mail order catalogue an' Argus' country sheet;
But now we know, for yestiddy, down there at Perkins' store.
St Linkers said he'd heard about them Senate scraps before.
So Bill has gone an' squashed himself—we'll use our influence
T put in Lem the blacksmith; not fer his intelligence.
But thet oi' Lem's a scrapper an' is mighty in a muss.

mighty in a muss.
Who's bound t' be a credit an' bring glory -Peter Pry in Baltimore Herald.

A Bit of Nature.

Strolling through languorous dusks of scented June Beauty lies next us, with no need to Our hearts with Nature's are in perfect We view her face, we hear what she may speak.

The day is full of odors, and soft sounds Of tinkling waters, where the mountain streams Run downward to the vale in merry bounds I mingle with the flowers' music And

To add sweet share of beauty to the scene, The luscious lilacs loll upon the wall— Bunches of color melting in the green, Filling the air with perfumes prodigal The sky-loved lark, with widespread. whirring wings.

Hangs in ether high above our heads—
Only an instant stops, and joyous sings,
Upheld by sunlight's golden, airy
threads.

The voices of the forest never cease; Fond mating birds sing madrigals of

We hear the soft susurrus of the breeze
Through tree-tops making harmony
above.

Nature her lover never yet forsook;
Where melody and beauty so combine
We only need to listen and to look
To see the face and hear the voice
divine.
—George Birdseye in Boston Transcript.

## JUBILEE OF CARDINAL WIII BE ELABORATE

commem rate the silver jubilee of Cardi

of Baltimore. What form the jubilee exercises will take is not definitely known. of Baltimore. What form the ercises will take is not definitely known, but it is anticipated that they will embrace a solemn religious srvice and TeDeum celebration at the cathedral, a street parade and possibele a great ban quet. Owing to the high standing of the Cardinal as a churchman, author and citizen, the jubilee will be of interest to all Americans. It is anticipated that every prelate of the Catholic Church in this country will attend the jubilee scrvices. Invitations will be extended to the Governor of Maryland and the President of the United States. It is hoped that the attention that will be pald the fath that the attention that will be pald the source of the liberal party in the American Titlan, bestowed on Alox in Rome."

So prodigal was nature in her gifted and this talent been overshadowed by a still greater one for art. His literation that the honor his Enemies will receive and the honor his Enemies will receive works are "The Sylphs of the Seasq and Other Poems" (1833). a tragfcal romance. Since dram tized, and "Lectures on Art." edited

can Church, of which Cardinal Gibbons is the recognized leader.

Cardinal Gibbons was born in Baltimore July 23, 1834, of Irish parents. During his boyhood he was taken to freland, where he received the elements of a liberal education. On returning to the United States it was determined by his parents to consecrate him to the service of God and hentered St. Charles Collegs, Maryland where he graduated with distinction in 1857. Thence he went to St. Mary's Seminary, where, after taking the usual courses of theology and philosophy, he was ordained a priest June 5, 1851, by Archbishop Patrick Kenrick, Father Gibbons was at once assigned to duty, and hard duty at that time, in the city of Baltimore, serving first as an assistant priest at St. Patrick's Church, East Baltimore, under the famous Father James Baltimore, serving first as an assistant priest at St. Patrick's Church, East Bal-timore, under the famous Father James Dolan, afterward he was sent as pas Doian, attendant to the then humble and struggling parish of St. Bridget's Canton, a sub-urb of Baltimore, where he also had to serve old St. Lawrence's Church, at Loserve old St. Lawrence's Church, at Locuse Point and to cross the Patapseo river to do so in a ferryboat, oftentimes in the stormlest weather.

On March 17, 1857, he received the red hat of the Cardinalate from Pope Leo XIII., having previously been invested with the insignia of the office at the Baltimore Cathedral.

### One-Sided Game. "I don't think it's fair, Josiah," said

Mrs. Chugwater, as the attendants bath-d her sprained ankle with soothing loions and wrapped bandages about You're the one that always carries accident policies and I'm the one that's always getting hurt,"-Tit-Bits.

"Shay," began the inebriated caller, want a good compositor here?" "No room here," snapped the busy publisher "Get out!" "Well, shay d'ye ye know of any uzzher place you could tell me to go to?" "Yes, but I'm too polite."

Mrs Nerdore-My daughter was practicing her new concert piece last night. Did you hear her? Mrs. Pepprey-Oh, yes.
Mrs. Nexdore-How was it?
Mrs. Pepprey-I simply couldn't get

Among the numerous gifted sons of South Carolina we find none more richly endowed than Washington Aliston, the emigent historical painter and poet He was born November 5th, 1779, at Waccomaw, S. C., where his father was a planter He early showed a taste for the art b which he afterwards devoted his life. He graduated at Harvard in 1800, and for a short time he pursued his artistiiq studies in Charleston with Malborn & Frayer. The latter, by the way, was also a South Carolina artist and library man of very considerable merit. He attained success first as a miniature painter, and afterwards in other branches of irt. His productions include the portrat of nearly every distinguished person of his native state, besides historical and domestic scenes and still life. At exhibition of his works was held Charleston in 1867, in which there were 313 miniatures and 139 off paintigs, so we may judge what an indefattable worker he was. He was born 1782 and died in 1860. But to return to Aliston: After pursuing his studies; short time in Charleston, he went tcLondon and entered the Royal Academ as a pupil of Benjamin West with whn he formed a life long friendship. It1804 he repaired to Paris and after paing a few months there went to Rome where he spent nearly four months sidying Italian art and scenery. During to period he became intimate with Thotaldsen and Coleridge, and the latter said, thim that he was surpassed by no oneyf that age either in artistic or poetic nius. From 1509 to 1811 he resided in is native country, and from the latter te to 1817 he painted in England anwas elected an associate of the Royal cademy in 1819. His first great paints, "The Dead Man Revived." was xecuted shortly after his second visit, England and exipted.

second visit; England, and gained a prize of 200 Eneas from the British Institution. Wist living in England he also painted t "St. Peter Liberated by the Angel," 'Irlel in the Sun," "Jacob's Dream" id "Elijah in the Wilderness." ness."

Aliston was of profoundly religious nature and most olis paintings have Scriptural subjects. Ler leaving England in 1817 he visited his a second time and then returned in 8 to the United States, practicing his pression at Boston till 1830 and afterwarfat Cambridge, Mass. till his death. Itsat. The following ness.'

second visit , England, and

practicing his plession at Boston till 1830 and afterware at Cambridge, Mass... till his death, in 1842. The following paintings belong the period of his residence in Amela, although the list does not include and his miner works: "The Prophet Jergah," "Saul and the Witch of Endor," 'Irlam," "Beatrice," "Rosalle," "Spolate, Vision of the Elcody Hand," "Beazzar's Feast."

The latter vast pring was still unfinished at the timer Allston's death. It hangs in the Boste Atheneum, as do likewise his "Rosalle," "Isaac of York" and "Head of a Jew "Spolatro's Vision" wexhibited at the Philadelphia Centennian 1878, together with a landscape of Aton's. The former picture has been idered familiar and popular by the engring reproducing it, Allston also execut several portraits, one of himself, c of Benjamin West and one of Coleria, In color and manageme of light and shade, Allston closely imfed the Venetian school, and has be called the American Titian; but there an element of spiritual loveliness in hivorks which we do not find in Titian'. of spiritual loveliness in hivorks which we do not find in Titlan' as inner we do not find in fittan An inner beauty shines through the atures he portrays on canvas. There i no classic

custumes nor languishing titudes to lend effect, but the eyes are, true and sincere that a heavenly ht shines through them and "a hover! spiritual life makes each form a pres-Cardinal Gibbons' silver jubilee next year is to be the most elaborate even to the kind that has ever been celebrated in this country. The Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Fletcher will call a meeting in a few days, of the clergy of the archdloces of Baltimore, to take the profile of the second state of the second state of the spirit and caught the mew richness of their tints. From an Alp land-scape, luminous with frosty at sphere and sky-plercing mountains the moonceptions, from Jeremiah to Beatricfrom Miriam to Rosalie, every phase of llow and trasparent, almost magnetic lor.

Our subject brings to mind another great Our subject brings to find another great man whose destiny was, for a time, linked with Aliston's. I refer to Samuel Morse, inventor of the elegraph, but who started life as a painte. He was a pupil of Aliston's and accomianted him to England, where he remailed four years. He attained considerable proficiency in his art, but on his return to America was disappointed in obtaining a commission for historical painting, and after working on portraits two jears in Charleston went North, but still did not prosper in his career. Nevertheles, he did not give up the profession of painter for a good up the profession of painter for a good many years, but retirned to Europe in 1829 to study the old masters. The year of his return (1832) ray be said to mark the close of his aristic and opening of his scientific career, Five years previous he had learned from Prof. Dana, of Columbia College, the elementary facts of electro-magnetism, but these had lain dormont in his mind til they awoke and began to take practical shape on his voyage home. The idea of the telegraph first dawned on his mind then, and he made a rough draft of the necessary apparatus and showd it to the passengers.

apparatus and shown it to the passangers.

For twelve years forse was engaged in a painful struggle before he succeeded in perfecting his invation and securing its recognition and intoduction.

It had no doubt seemed to him very hard and bitter that hishould have been thwarted in his ambitim as an artist, but the world has great reson to rejoice that such was the case.

If my readers will purdon me a second digression (strongly aggested by the

If my readers will pardon me a second digression (strongly siggested by the first) I will cite the case of Mr. Alvan Clark in connection with that of Morse. The former (1804-57) sarted life as an engraver and portrait painter, making miniatures on ivory, but the introduction of photography proved a death blow to his business, and he hat to betake himself to some other caling. He drifted, as it were, into becoming an optician eradually growing to be one of the most famous in the world. He became the maker of the finest optical instruments and of many of the larvest and best telefamous in the world. We became the
maker of the finest operal instruments
and of many of the larget and best telescopes, as for instance the one at the
Lick Observatory. Dearborn Observatory
and many others, both in this country
appointments of the initial overruled for the benefit of the world. way; that's how it was .- Philadelphia